

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Shakespeare's "King Lear" has just been translated in Japanese and will shortly be performed.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is erecting for Stanford university, which was built and endowed by her late husband and herself, the finest library building in the world, which she proposes to equip with the best assortment of books that money can buy. Rev. Heber Newton, rector of the university, is to have supervision of the library in its initial stages.

The widow of the late Congressman Amos J. Cummings, of New York, who served his time as a type-setter, has given his library to the old printer's home at Colorado Springs. Mr. Cummings had frequently stated that his intention was to make this disposition of his books, but his will made no mention of it. His widow, however, has carried his wishes into execution.

The king of Portugal inherits the scientific tastes of many members of the house of Braganza. His father was a patron of literature and art and no mean scholar. He was a great lover of English letters. The son is distinguished for his scientific acquirements and not long ago published a volume detailing the results of the scientific investigations made on a voyage on board the yacht *Amelia*.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, the novelist, never submits to an interview, but she cannot avoid being written about. This is a pen picture drawn by a London writer: "A tall, graceful figure, steady, smiling eyes, dark hair (touched with gray) waving down each side of an intellectual, attractive face—and yet there is something austere about Mary Ward. She is of the type of womanhood which accepts the responsibilities of life, which sees both the nobility of motherhood and the nobility of knowledge."

At a sale of books in Washington the other evening the auctioneer put up a set of Theodore Roosevelt's works and after a sharp contest among bidders it was knocked down at a figure slightly in excess of the regular store price. Then the auctioneer picked out a life of George Washington and held that up with the usual preface of choice comment. Silence followed the conclusion of his panegyric. Not a solitary bid was heard. Again the auctioneer tried the value of advertising, but not an offer was made. Tossing the book back on a shelf, he said in a tone of mingled contempt and disgust: "Go back to the shelf, George! You're not wanted; you're a back number. The times are too strenuous for you, George."

PAID BANDIT TO DEPART.

The Cuban Method of Ridding the Country of a Troublesome and Dangerous Outlaw.

Enrique Mesa, the notorious Cuban bandit, a worthy successor of Manuel Garcia and as desperate as the late outlaw, Harry Tracy, has left Cuba for a consideration of \$1,500.

Mesa had for some time been a source of great uneasiness to the inhabitants of small towns in the vicinity of Manzanillo, in the province of Santiago. He was also a thorn in the side of the rural guard. Like Tracy, he was a good shot; he was brave and fearless and a most dangerous enemy.

It is even said that the officers and men of the rural guard feared him.

At any rate Mesa killed and robbed and looted without apprehension by the rural guard, which is a mount military police organization. Mesa was an officer on this force until he killed a newspaper man with whom he had a dispute over politics. Then he took to the woods and became a professional bandit. He surrendered himself, with a half dozen of the worst characters in Santiago province. Raids were made on many small towns and the stores sacked by this gang. The people were afraid to resist, and the police, too, appeared anxious to avoid a conflict with the outlaws. In fact, Mesa threatened to kill on sight Capt. Betancourt, of the rural guard, if the latter dared to pursue him.

There are many idle men in that portion of the country where the "bad man" operated, and his followers increased until they numbered 40.

The people finally got together and informed the government that they would pay Mesa \$1,500 if he would leave the country. The authorities agreed to this, and Mesa was waited on with the proposition.

On the day fixed he rode into Manzanillo, says a Havana correspondent of the New York Tribune, and, armed "to the teeth," he went to the steamer between two lines of his former companions, and later his enemies of the rural guard. When he boarded the steamer bound for Mexico the promised money was paid to him, which went to his men, who dispersed.

Military Conscription.

The compulsory enrollment of citizens for military or naval service is unknown in this country as a permanent institution; and twice only in the history of the United States were drafts temporarily resorted to by the government for the purpose of raising and increasing the armies in cases of special urgency, once in 1814 during our war with Great Britain, and once on May 3, 1861, when a bill passed both houses calling every able bodied citizen of military age to enter the federal service, or pay a commutation fee of \$300 for exemption, under penalty of being treated as a deserter.—*Detroit Free Press*.

SERVANTS WED TO PRINCES.

Girls of Europe Whose Beauty and Cleverness Have Won Them Titles and Riches.

The transition from a lowly or even menial position to a place among the crowned heads is a flight taken quite often outside of fairy tales, and instances in which a pretty face has been a fortune for its possessor are comparatively numerous.

The American women who have won royal titles by their combined charm of beauty and fortune need not be considered at all. Their achievements have been chronicled the world over, and, barring details, are known to the average intelligent person.

The stories of those who began with nothing but their personal charms to recommend them and rose to high estates are more frequent in Europe than elsewhere, for the obvious reason that there are more members of royalty there either at home or visiting, says the Chicago Tribune.

Florence Maharajah, of Patiala, is one notable example of a sudden rise from an obscure place to the position of a reigning sovereign. She was at one time a nursery governess in an English home, and while traveling with the family became acquainted with the rajah of Patiala, who was absolute monarch over 6,000 square miles of the richest territory in the world. She now has absolute sway over the domain, and is the possessor of a collection of jewels calculated to arouse the envy of even the most contented woman.

Another notable instance is that of her royal highness the shereefa of Wazan. She was at one time a hired dependent in the household of which she is now the mistress. She had some positive opinions on many subjects and a spirit of independence that captivated the shereefa. His admiration for her was such that he married her according to her ideas on the subject, and his first wedding gift to her was the unconditional gift of 50 slaves of his household. She had not been married long before she instituted reforms of many kinds in the land of Wazan. Two thousand slaves were liberated by one edict at her direction, and the treatment of the rest was radically softened. Her wealth is said to be something to be wondered at and, like the princess of Patiala, she has jewels in unlimited profusion.

Miss Bamba Muller, who became the wife of Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, was a poor girl, but wonderfully attractive. She did not have a penny, and her marriage to the maharajah created a sensation at the time, especially when it was generally known that her royal husband had presented her with \$250,000 on their wedding day, in addition to furnishing her with a bridal outfit entirely in keeping with his regal ideas of splendor. The son of this pair, Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh, is known all over England as a famous cricketer and won renown for himself upon the polo field while at college. He profited by the example of his royal father, so far as choosing an English bride was concerned, but she was not of lowly origin.

The stage has also furnished its share of poor girls who have become the brides of royalty, a notable case being that of her serene highness Princess Basethitkoff, who began life as a serving maid, with wages amounting to about \$15 a year and her lodging. From serving maid she graduated to the stage as a dancer, and from an ordinary dancer rose to be prima ballerina of the Eden theater in Paris. Her husband was captivated by her dancing, and shortly after there followed a wedding, which caused a stir in the French capital. The bride received over 2,000 presents, and among them were 120 silver drinking cups, all fashioned like dancing slippers of different sizes. The wedding has not turned out unhappily, and her royal highness is popular and respected in her domain.

One of these marriages that turned out unhappily was that of Princess George of Saxe-Meinungen, who was before her marriage Miss. Helena Franz, prima donna of the royal theater at Dresden.

An equally unhappy marriage was that of Princess Chimay, who was Miss Cla. Ward. The story of that union was one that promised well at the outset. It was romantic enough to suit even a fairy story, but it ended badly.

Instances might be multiplied of girls of humble origin gaining high stations, but unhappily the number of cases where the matches proved disastrous are equally as numerous.

Corporate Logic.

An extract from a Belgian paper gives the following incident: A woman whose husband had lost his life in a railway accident received from the company \$2,000 by way of compensation. Shortly after she heard that a traveler who had lost a leg had been paid \$4,000.

The widow at once put on her bonnet and shawl and went to the office of the company.

"Gentlemen, how is this?" she asked. "You gave \$4,000 for a leg, and you allowed me only \$2,000 for the loss of my husband?"

"Madam," was the reply, "the reason is plain; \$4,000 won't provide him with a leg, but for \$2,000 you can get a husband."—*Stray Stories*.

Women Doctors in London.

Medicine as a profession for women is constantly growing in popularity in London. Women now holding medical degrees in Great Britain number more than 500.—*Albany Argus*.

Applies to All of Them.

Witnesses usually refer to it as "that fool lawsuit."—*Atchison Globe*.

SWATOW GLAZED WARE.

Peculiar Crockery from China That Is Characteristic of the Section from Whence It Comes.

A little treaty port on the Chinese coast, known as Swatow, has given its name to an odd variety of glazed earthenware, which, long a favorite in the far east, has begun to appear in the markets of New York and other American cities. The name is coincidental, states the New York Post. Swatow is a small place, whose chief industry is the provisioning of steamships and sailing vessels. But it is the port of the big city of Choy Chow Foo, whose population is said to be a million and a half, and whose industries are famous in the Chinese empire. Near the latter are inexhaustible beds of kaolin, blue, gray, and other fine clays, which have supplied its kilns for centuries. Formerly, it exported its ceramic wares overland to Canton.

The opening of Swatow to the "foreign devil" diverted this traffic by degrees to the latter port, more especially that in ceramic goods destined for export to foreign lands. The wares in question were exhibited in the Swatow shops, and found customers first in steamship officers and then in travelers. The stores flourished and ere long began to export on their own account. In this way the goods came to be known as Swatow ware.

The foundation is a gray earthenware with a thick opaque glaze, usually sea-green, and the articles are fashioned after, or decorated with, marine forms. The commonest type is a wall packet made in the shape of a crab, lobster, crayfish, rock cod, carp, or mullet. The colorature varies. In the best specimens an attempt is made to reproduce the natural appearance of the animal imitated. In the larger number the glazing is in two shades, sea-green and sepia. Other styles of glazing are in seaweed brown and a crude vermilion suggesting the hue of a boiled lobster. The modeling, though coarse, is strong and effective.

Upon a higher plane are wall pockets shaped like vases, and also bowls, vases and jars fashioned to represent basket work, bamboo ware, or other shapes, on which are placed crabs, shrimps, fishes, frogs, snails, starfishes and seaweeds. The body is glazed in a grayish-yellow neutral tint, light amber, or sienna, and the decorations in their natural colors. Some of the designs in this class are exceedingly attractive. None could be simpler than a fish bowl made apparently of a fisherman's rattan creel, which is half covered with eel grass and sea bladders, in which are prawns, crabs and fishes. A soup tureen was framed in imitation of a huge Ostraea bivalve up whose sides and over whose brim an army of little crabs were crawling, as though eager to plunge into the soup within.

EVOLUTION OF THE ORANGE.

Reached Its Present State of Perfection Through the Improving Touch of Americans.

For centuries the orange was the exclusive possession of the Latin, Mongolian and Malay races; then it was carried to India, then to America and fell under the improving touch of the Anglo-Saxon. Bringing together the incomparable Jaffa, as a seedling from Palestine, the Melitensis from Malta, and others, he budded and grafted in Florida until the fruit was brought, through blending and selection, to the highest pitch of perfection, as it seemed, says the Florida Times-Union. But strangely enough, there came out of the province of Bolivia, Brazil, still another seedling—one of those consummate blossoms of perfection through centuries of waiting on nature by the Latin which the American accomplishes by cross-pollination in five years—the Bahia or navel orange. It had reached the acme of quality not only in flavor, but also in its attribute of seedlessness.

Now, is not that a proper food for the ultimate man; a fruit which has no progeny, no future, no possible function except as a minister to him? The orange has been called the universal fruit of commerce, and so it is, for its aroma carries it unharmed, the acid juices of its peel protect it against insects, its toughness endures long transportation, and everywhere on earth men eagerly seek its subtle charm and its exquisite nectar.

The orange is not strictly a food, but it is greater; it is the connecting link to a higher status, the guarantee and preserver of health and of intellect. The gross gormandizing on meats, the curse of drink, burning the brain, hardening its delicate convolutions—these are the fountains of ill innumerable: the pangs of gout, the sudden and black terror of apoplexy. But this gentle and benign pharmacopeia of nature, these fruits with their wonderful blending of corrective acids and cordials, are the ready medicament of the ultimate man. As we advance in horticulture and develop other seedless and perfect fruits we shall approach the perfect regimen of a higher humanity.

Wild Boar Meat in Germany.

The meat of the young wild boar is in Germany considered more palatable and digestible than that of the domesticated hog. Berlin restaurants often have on their bills of fare wild-boar's head, which is considered a great delicacy. The open season for hunters is from October 15 to January 6.—*N. Y. Sun*.

A Rejection.

"I see the second in your face!" exclaimed the angry man.

"That," replied the other calmly, "is a personal reflection." When the angry man had figured this out he was even angrier.—*Chicago Post*.

THE DOGS OF LABRADOR.

There Has Never Been a Case of Hydrophobia Known in the History of the Country.

It is a remarkable fact that while virtually every resident of Labrador has been bitten by the savage dogs of that region, there has never been a case of hydrophobia there, says the Baltimore American. This fact is attested by Dr. Grenfell, the superintendent of the English mission there, who has now spent ten years on the coast and treated over 30,000 patients. He cannot explain this singular circumstance; it may be due to climatic conditions, but it is more probable the result of the wolfish strain in the breed of the dogs. The extraordinary part of it is that such a condition should have allied with the most absolute savagery on the part of the animals. They are the fiercest of any brutes trained to be of service to mankind; they will attack anything they believe weaker than themselves, and they are only kept in subjection by the unceasing use of the lash.

They are a cross between the wolves and the earlier Newfoundland dogs brought there, and by this time almost all but the wolfish characteristics are eliminated. The coast folk find them indispensable, yet live in fear of them. No man ventures abroad without his whip; every woman carries a stout club; it is death to a child to get among them. Only last month the little son of the agent of the Hudson Bay company's post at Sandwich Inlet was attacked by these brutes. Within a minute they had inflicted over 60 bites on the child, and but for the devotion of a pet retriever dog and the lad's mother promptly flying to the rescue, he must have been literally torn to pieces. He was taken to the hospital at Indian Harbor, where he is making a quick recovery. This was a more fortunate outcome than was the case at Cartwright last year. A child wandered from home and when the distracted mother flew to where a pack of angry dogs were ravaging, she found nothing but the bones of her offspring. A little girl was so badly mangled by them at Punctu-bowl last year that she never recovered.

Every year brings its quota of these mishaps, while there are scores, if not hundreds, of cases of adults being bitten. It is impossible to keep sheep, goats or poultry on the coast because of the brutes, and their extermination would have been effected long ago were it not for the fact that they are the only means by which communication is kept up in winter. There are no horses on the coast, as there is nothing to feed them. Teams of dogs, attached to sledges, are the means of travel. With them the settlers go from harbor to harbor, make hunting trips to the interior, haul firewood from the forests and convey peltries to the Hudson Bay company's posts. These dogs play the same part in the economy of this region as they do in the Arctic, and there the characteristics are the same, though we do not hear of such instances of their savagery.

SEA FLOWERS AS PETS.

Interesting Things About the Queer Little Creatures Known as Anemones.

The queerest pets in the world are kept in a beautiful row of clear, flashing, round glass tanks on an upper floor of a large aquarium. As you approach the tanks you behold glowing little groups of color and artistic blending and mingling of fantastic weeds and shining stones. Then when you peer into the tanks you see what at first seem to you just like particularly handsome and gorgeous flowers growing all over the little rockeries. Some of the flowers look like dainty pink and white and yellow and purple and crimson dabbles. Others look almost like daisies with lacelike petals. Others look like little star flowers, all pure white and perfect. These flowers are of all sizes, from tiny ones barely large enough to see to great ones almost large enough to fill a saucer.

But if you will watch these "flowers" for a few minutes you will jump suddenly, for all at once you will see one move its petals. Then you will see another and another do it. Slowly the petals unfold or contract, with little jerking movements, sometimes twining in the water like snakes.

Tap smartly on the table on which the tanks stand, and like lightning all the petals will have disappeared. These sea flowers are really not flowers at all. They are living creatures, known as sea anemones.

For many years, says Answers, Prof. Spencer, of the New York aquarium, has tended and fed them, and the little animated flowers actually have come to know him. When he feeds them he puts a little bit of fish on the end of a long-pointed stick and puts it carefully down into the water until it is near the anemone. It did not take long for the beautiful things to understand it, and whereas at first they used to withdraw their petals and shut up tightly when the stick approached, now they twine gracefully and stretch their dainty arms out as far as they can go in order to reach it.

The Man on Time.

Consider the man who is always on time—and the time he wastes in waiting for other men.—*Chicago Daily News*.

GIRL GOES A-FISHING.

And Has an Experience Such as Inexperienced Anglers Are Quite Certain to Have.

My uncle, who is 83 years old, was induced by me—one of those girls that delight in all outdoor sports—to go for a day's fishing on the river, says a writer in Forest and Stream.

The bass were plenty in the Susquehanna, and from all reports also biting well.

Now, uncle was a great fisherman, usually coming in with an empty bait-box and an equally empty fish-basket—but still his enthusiasm was always great, and the immense fish that he lost and the many bites he had were truly remarkable.

For a long time this fishing trip had been planned, so one morning when the wind was in the south and clouds were overhead, our preparations were begun. Of course, the nearest creek was first visited for minnows, when, after a struggle with brush, ditches, tangled lines, and the loss of several hooks, we succeeded in capturing six, which, by the way, were nearly large enough for eating.

Well, we were tired with this attempt, and a little bit discouraged, but we at least had the consolation of knowing where to get some worms to fish out for bait.

Finally, about noon, we were on our way to the river, which was about a quarter of a mile away. Uncle was laden with the minnow pail, two anchors and the fish poles, while I had the bait-box, lunch-basket and an umbrella. We were indeed well equipped.

After securing a neighbor's boat, we had to fix the anchors and rig the fish-poles, and, as it was now long after noon, we concluded to eat our lunch. This task was soon completed, and we were at last on the water. At the mouth of a small creek, which uncle said would be a fine place for bass, the anchor was dropped and fishing was commenced.

We found that the minnows were all dead, as the pail leaked, and the water had nearly all run out, so we had to use worms for bait.

I had just thrown my line in the water, put up my umbrella (the sun was now shining), when, jerk went something at my line. Of course, I at once pulled it up, so quickly, in fact, that my umbrella went handle down in the river, and with my pole uncle's hat was knocked from his head and went sailing serenely down the Susquehanna. We pulled anchors with all haste and were away after the floating articles.

After a ten-minute chase they were captured and put up in the boat to dry, and we were again ready to fish—but, oh! what did I catch? It was merely an old root which took me about ten minutes to free from the line. Uncle had a very short, slender pole, with which he was fond of throwing a long line. After fishing for about half an hour without even a bite, he concluded that he had too short a line, and at once unreeled about 50 feet more and attempted to throw it; vain attempt—the line was wound around my pole, one anchor, and both oars, and in the struggle the bait-box was knocked into the river, where it immediately sank.

No, uncle was not provoked, merely nervous; so nervous that a very vigorous jerk which he gave his line left his pole broken above the second joint.

It took us only a short time to go home, and when I go fishing again I shall sit on the shore and fish for shiners. Uncle will have to put in a new supply of fishing tackle and when next he goes he will doubtless consider it more profitable to go alone, or, if he takes me, to at least teach me how to pull in a root.

HE WAS QUITE A BOY.

Only Sixty-Eight, and There He Had Been Envy the Man of Seventy-Four.

Two elderly men were conspicuous the other morning in a Sixth avenue elevated train. They entered at opposite ends of the car. One was short, slow, and heavy of tread, and yet obviously anxious to appear spry and youthful. The other was tall, spare and active, and only gave token of advanced years by the fuddiness with which he dusted the car seat before settling down to his morning paper.

As the crowd thinned out at Park place the two men caught sight of each other and the tall one moved over to a seat alongside his friend, relates the New York Times.

"How spry you are for your age!" remarked the short one, with a symptom of envy in his tone.

"Age?" exclaimed the other. "Why, I have not begun yet to grow old. I am only 74."

"Well, well," puffed the stout one, "are you 74? I didn't think you were older than I am. I am only 68."

"Why," exclaimed the lean one, tapping his companion playfully on the knee, "you are quite a boy yet."

Engage Pumpkin Pie.

Stew the pumpkin till very dry, press through colander; to each two cups of pulp allow one tablespoon (level) of butter, teaspoon cassia, one-half cup molasses, a little salt, clove and ginger (just a pinch), one teaspoon flour. Stir flour in a little cold milk just so it will not be lumpy, and add to rest, then give it all a generous stirring and add three cups of milk. You may vary the quantity of milk according to dryness of the pumpkin. Bake in deep plates.—*Boston Globe*.

Throw Them at Him.

"I suppose he got a divorce on the 'incompatibility of temper' dodge?" "Not exactly. It was more the 'bitch-and-kitchen utensil' dodge."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

REFORMS IN THE BEDROOM.

Errors Which Are Commonly Made in the Making-Up of Beds, and Other Details.

We will be a healthier and happier race when the double bed is by itself. The light iron or brass bedstead, with a mattress that can be easily aired and kept clean, is the bed that ought to be generally used. The bed covering par excellence is a light-weight blanket that can be frequently washed and kept soft and white. Tucking the bedclothes tightly in is another popular error. The practice of making up a bed almost air-tight is as unhealthy as it is unclean, says Gold Health.

The bed should not be placed against the wall, but should be accessible on both sides. The old fashion of placing the bed in an alcove, which cannot be ventilated so well as a large room, is considered to be an unhygienic one. An excellent reason why a bed should not be placed against the wall is that the person who sleeps at the rear of the bed is likely to have his face, during sleep, so near the wall that his breath, striking the wall, will be re-breathed again.

So large a portion of existence is necessarily spent in sleep that the location of the bed, the covering and bedding, and the furniture of the bedroom should be the subjects of consideration and thought. As it is, too often this is the last room considered. In many families a good-sized closet, with no opening into the outer air, is considered good enough for a bedroom. Not only should the bedroom be thoroughly ventilated and exposed to the rays of the sun, but the bed clothing should be taken off and hung in the air and sun for several hours before the bed is made up.

MODERN CLOTHING TOO THICK.

Heavy Underwear Especially Checks Respiratory Action of the Skin and Excretion.

An evil effect of modern clothing is that by its thickness it interferes with the excreting and respiratory action of the skin. The work of excretion is thus either thrown upon other organs already overtaxed or upon some tissue which the body selects as a possible medium for elimination. Thus it is likely that catarrh is always caused by the inactivity of the skin. The matter thus left in the body through the inactivity of the skin seeks egress by means of the mucous membranes, which is merely a kind of internal skin, and thus we have catarrh, says the Healthy Home. People need protection in cold weather, but they do not need their thick clothes in their warm houses. One of the hardest things to accomplish in our changeable climate is to remove winter-weight clothes at the proper time without the usual ensuing colds and other disorders. Unless exposed to all weathers in some outdoor employment, the better way is to wear light or medium-weight undergarments and suits the year round, depending on heavy outside wraps to protect the system during outside exposure in cold or windy weather.

BITS OF FEMININITY.

Noticeable Features of the Latest Productions of the Dress-maker's Art.

Evening gowns were never more lovely, with their dainty laces mingling with fur, velvets and jewels.

The large drooping cape collars so fashionable on cloth coats are seen on many long fur coats, says the Detroit Free Press.

Facings, revers, vests and cuffs of white or cream-colored cloth still appear on many of the stylish cloth costumes designed for special wear.

Some of the French and English tailors are lining Henrietta cloth, cashmere, vigogne and the other light wool skirts with plaided silks—not the clan tartans, but patterns showing very novel and pretty color blendings.

Fur cravats are new, and so few of them are as yet worn that they have a great deal of distinction. They are merely a straight fur choker, crossing in front and held with an ornament or bunch of tails. They are flat, not round, which makes them unlike the little fur animals that were so modish about six years ago.

New Persian and oriental trimmings are very vivid in coloring and striking in workmanship. Gold embroidery, gold cord and gold applique flowers are stunning and freely used. Chenille fringes and passementeries in white, black and colors are very stylish and look well on light cloth and lace costumes.

Shrimp Sauce.

Found one cup of shrimps, skins and all, in a mortar. Boil afterward for ten minutes in a cup of water. Press the liquor through a puree strainer. Mix one tablespoon of butter and one tablespoon of flour to a paste, pour over it the shrimp liquor. Season with salt, paprika and one teaspoon of anchovy paste. Just before serving—and it must be served very hot—add half a dozen shrimps cut in inch pieces. This is one of the most delicious sauces that can accompany any fish.—*Good Housekeeping*.

Discouraging.

He—I don't hear you practicing on the violin any more.
She—No, you see the heat injured it so that I can't use it.
"The heat?"
"Yes, pa threw it into the fire the other night."—*Philadelphia Times*.